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A Bad Choice In Fashion

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Chapter 1 by lightningstrikeshannah (I'm back!)

I woke up on a moldy cot, and saw I wasn't in my room anymore.

"She's finally awoken, Master."

Where am I?

A short man, with a ugly, ratlike face peered down at me.

"Come. The master is waiting. But first, put this on."

He tossed me a blue dress, with holes in it. It smelled like vomit.

"I'm not wearing this."

"You must, or he will be upset."

I would not wear that filthy dress until I knew what was going on.

"NO!"

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I did.

Where the hell am I?

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka

He took me by the hand, tugging me down into a candlelit hallway as carelessly as if I were a doll. As we rushed through the dark, I couldn't help but admire my surroundings. Every inch of the wall, it seemed, was covered in portraits. Portraits of women, to be exact. All different shades, sizes, and walks of life. A peasant woman, still beautiful in her tattered clothes, stared sadly down at me as the man searched for his master. Evidently, he didn't know where he was no more than I did.

But luck was soon on his side. We took a left into what appeared to be a private library. A fireplace sat empty, but a figure still occupied a chair in front of it, as if waiting for it to rekindle at any moment.

"Master," the man said, finally leaving my side, "she has risen."

He was silent.

"Master?" he said, more cautiously. If I wanted to, I could bolt...

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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